A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot love;
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not use to jest,
Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, advise,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg starve, dye in the streets,
For by my soule Ile ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever doe thee good.
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne. *Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pitty sitting in the cloudes,
That sees into the bottome of my griefe?
O sweet my mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a moneth, a weeke;
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lyes.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Doe as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*

Jul. O God, O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Unlesse that husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsell me.
Alacke, alacke, that heaven should practice stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my selfe.
What saist thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurse. (nothing,

Nur. Faith here it is. *Romeo* is banished, and all the world to
That he dares ne're come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs must be by stealth:
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie.
O hee's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quick, so faire an eye